

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
There resigne my Gouvernement to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still bene sam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.
King, Warwick and Clarence, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouvernement:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'le yooke together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouvernement,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

Somerset. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Post.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?
Post. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any fore, that may betide.

Exeunt.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before't be long.
As Henries late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours,
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to preuent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittainie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittainie,
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings,
and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Rauenspurre Hauens, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,
and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no
lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends.
Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme
and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomerie,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely claime our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drumme strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Claime:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I know my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long liue Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomerie,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune serue me, Ile requite
Now for this Night, let's harbo
And when the Morning Sunne
Above the Border of this Hor
Wee'le forward towards War
For well I wot, that Henry is no
Ah froward Clarence, how euil
To flatter Henry, and forsake
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet
Come on braue Souldiors: do
And that once gorten, doubt n

Flourish. Enter the King,
Clarence, Oxford,

War. What counsaile, Lord
With hastie Germanes, and bl
Hath pass'd in safetie through
And with his troups doth ma
And many giddie people flock
King. Let's leue men, and l
Clar. A little fire is quickl
Which being suffer'd, Riuer

War. In Warwickshire I ha
Not mutinous in peace, yet be
Those will I muster vp: and th
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Nor
The Knights and Gentlemen,
Thou Brother Mountague, in E
Northampton, and in Leiceste
Men well enclin'd to heare wh
And thou, braue Oxford, wond
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp
My Soueraigne, with the louin
Like to his hand, gyrt with
Or modest Dyan, circled with
Shall rest in London, till we co
Faile Lords take leaue, and sta
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Helior,

Clar. In signe of truth, I ki

King. Well-minded Clarence

Mount. Comfort, my Lord

Oxf. And thus I seale my

King. Sweet Oxford, and m

And all at once, once more a h

War. Farewell, sweet Lord

King. Here at the Pallace w

Cousin of Exeter, what thinke

Me thinke, the Power that Ed

Should not be able to encount

Exet. The doubt is, that he

King. That's not my feare, n

I haue not stopt mine eares to

Nor posted off their suites wi

My pittie hath bene balm to

My mildnesse hath allay'd the

My mercie dry'd their water-

I haue not been desirous of th

Nor much opprest them with

Nor forward of reuenge, thou

Then why should they loue E

No Exeter, these Graces challe